

The Spider

(a poem)

I see a foot!
I want to bite her!
That's because
I'm a spider!

I have a web
(spun it myself)
in the corner
of your bookshelf

I catch flies
and I catch gnats
I wish I could
ensnare some rats

I have eight legs
and lots of eyes
I am cautious
patient and wise.

Laid some eggs
in a sac
and when they hatch
watch your back

Don't put me in
a jar, with lid
I'm a free range
Arachnid

I might hide
in jeans of denim
and inject you
with some venom

My home is made
of finest silk
soft and smooth
like buttermilk

If you see me
a request, I give
please ignore
and let me live

I can't help

my frightful appearance
all I want is
household clearance

I will eat
the bugs I see
if you refrain
from killing me.

Birdtown Comics